

name on the door changing from H. B. Curtis, to A. H. Curtis, then to H. H. Curtis. The dairy barn was toward Forest City. On the house side of the road were the other outbuildings necessary to the running of full family sustenance. There was a granary, a little to the west of the present fountain, the necessary house sat partly over the brook where it had a continuous flush system. When it was learned that this system was a source of pollution to down river, the building had to be moved to its present location. The mill was located near the brook, a race being built to carry the water to the large waterwheel which furnished power for any equipment relative to the dairy and household. The rug loom was in this building. Grandmother grew and processed flax for linens, which she wove into cloth for family use. She made butter and other dairy products for her large family, the imprint of her thumb being worn into the butter ladle. Sheep were raised for meat and wool products. This was a self-sufficient family reared to love and believe in God. A large woodshed and summer kitchen were a part of the main house. The woodshed has since been torn down, the summer kitchen now storage space for wood and coal. Fruit trees and grape vines were many. The grape vines had climbed the trees on the knoll back of the house. In grape season this was a gathering place for grape lovers. I ate my weight in them. In the basement were the storage bins for apples, potatoes, and other staples for year round use. The center of the basement was the base for the many fireplaces to heat the house. As I recall there were five fireplaces, one in the dining room, one in the living room, and one in the parlor, and one each in two upstairs bedrooms. The present living room was the tavern room, the bar being removed some years ago. Grandmother and her home will be lovingly remembered as long as there are those of us left to recall.

The first reunion of the Griswold family was held in the year before I was born, so this yearly get together has always been a part of my life. Memory takes me happily back to these family gatherings of those other years.

Alice Mae (Curtis) Lund

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